



JERRY DRUMMER

BOY HERO OF  
THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR



JERRY

10¢

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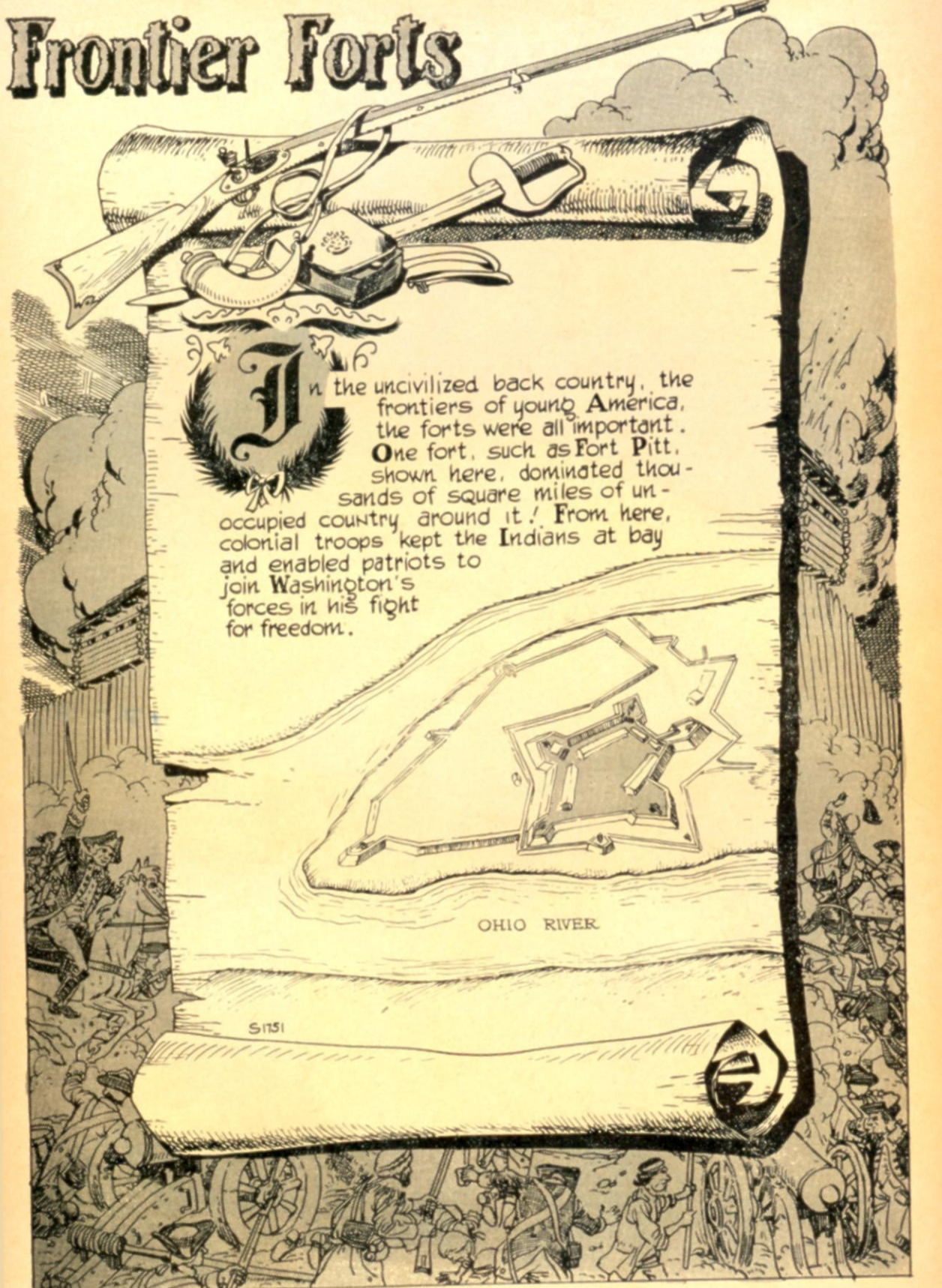




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# Frontier Forts



**I**n the uncivilized back country, the frontiers of young America, the forts were all important. One fort, such as Fort Pitt, shown here, dominated thousands of square miles of unoccupied country around it! From here, colonial troops kept the Indians at bay and enabled patriots to join Washington's forces in his fight for freedom.

OHIO RIVER

S1151

JERRY DRUMMER

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# JERRY DRUMMER

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*Alfred P. Fago* Executive Editor

BOY HERO OF  
THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR

# JERRY DRUMMER

In

## THE SHOT HEARD 'ROUND THE WORLD

HE INDIGNANT COLONISTS WERE ORGANIZING THE MINUTE MEN IN 1775 TO FIGHT FOR FREEDOM! GENERAL GAGE, IN BOSTON, ORDERED COLONEL SMITH TO FIND AND DESTROY THE REBEL FORCES AND THEIR STORES. THAT FIRST HISTORIC MEETING TOOK PLACE AT LEXINGTON WHERE THE BRITISH REGULARS OPENED FIRE ON THE MINUTE MEN...

DISPERSE, YOU REBELS --  
THROW DOWN YOUR  
ARMS, AND DISPERSE!





# JERRY DRUMMER

NOT EVERY COLONIST WAS AGAINST THE CROWN. SOME, LIKE TAVERN-OWNER CALEB STARK, LIKED THINGS AS THEY WERE...

LOOK AT THE RABBLE! THEY'LL RUN LIKE RABBITS THE MINUTE A BRITISH REGULAR SHOWS!

THAT'S NOT SO, SIR! THEY'LL FIGHT WHEN THE TIME COMES!

AHA! YOU'RE HARBORING A SMALL REBEL YOURSELF, STARK! YOUR BOY ISN'T A TORY LIKE YOURSELF!



PLEASE, SIR! I'M THROUGH, CAN I GO NOW?

TO PLAY WITH THAT FOOL DRUM AGAIN? NO! CLEAN THE STABLE AND GO TO BED!

BUT JERRY DRUMMER WAS ALREADY BITTEN BY THE GERM OF FREEDOM! AFTER COMPLETING HIS CHORES, HE GOT HIS DRUM AND...

THAT'S THE STUFF, JERRY! WE'RE MARCHING BETTER ALREADY!



LATER THAT NIGHT...

GENERAL GAGE WILL CRUSH THEM--BUT HE MUST BURN THEIR STORES TOO!

I KNOW WHERE THEY ARE, SIR! I HAVE IT ALL WRITTEN OUT FOR YOU!

AND SO, ON THE SIXTEENTH OF APRIL, 1775, A MESSENGER SET OUT FOR BOSTON...

HE WILL BRING BACK THE SOLDIERS! I MUST WARN THE OTHERS!





# JERRY DRUMMER

SPYING ON US,  
EH? COME  
HERE, YOU...

LET ME GO, I'VE  
GOT TO WARN  
CAPTAIN PARKER!



CAPTAIN JOHN PARKER, A LOCAL MILITIA  
OFFICER, GOT THE NEWS FIRST...

ARE YOU SURE, JERRY?  
ROUSE THE OTHERS!  
WE MUST BE READY  
FOR THE LOBSTER-  
BACKS!

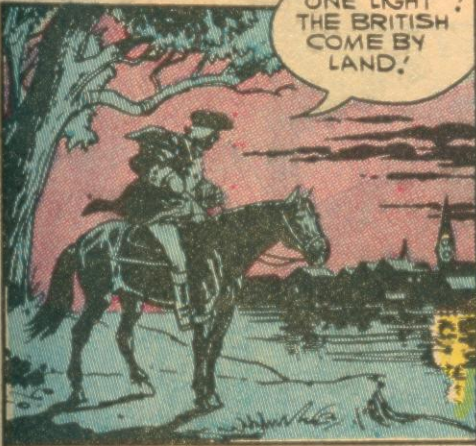
YES,  
SIR!



MEANWHILE, IN BOSTON, THE FAMOUS  
SIGNAL TO PAUL REVERE WAS  
SHINING FROM THE STEEPLE OF  
OLD NORTH CHURCH...

AND PAUL REVERE, THE FIRST MESSENGER OF  
FREEDOM, BROUGHT THE NEWS TO LEXINGTON...

ONE LIGHT!  
THE BRITISH  
COME BY  
LAND!



THE BRITISH ARE  
COMING! TO  
ARMS! TO ARMS!



BEGONE, JERRY! THIS  
WILL BE DANGEROUS  
WORK!

THE MEN MARCH  
BETTER WHEN I  
DRUM FOR THEM,  
CAPTAIN! I'LL STAY!





# JERRY DRUMMER

THOSE FIRST MINUTE MEN KNEW THE ODDS THEY FACED. UNTRAINED, OUTNUMBERED, THEY WAITED FOR THE CRACK BRITISH TROOPS...

REMEMBER, MEN-- WE FIGHT FOR OUR HOMES, OUR FREEDOM. THEY FIGHT FOR PAY. IF WE STAND UP BRAVELY NOW, OTHERS WILL TAKE UP OUR FIGHT IN THE DAYS AHEAD.

IF YOU LAD DOESN'T FEAR, NEITHER DO WE.



THEY THINK I'M NOT AFRAID-- IF I DIDN'T HAVE A DRUM, I'D BE SHAKING IN MY BOOTS!



THEN THE BRITISH CAME. SIX COMPANIES UNDER THE COMMAND OF MAJOR PITCAIRN ...

HOLD YOUR FIRE UNTIL I GIVE THE WORD, MEN.



CLEAR THIS BRIDGE, YOU, BOY. CEASE THIS NOISE AND GO HOME.

STAND YOUR GROUND, JERRY.



DISPERSE, YOU REBELS. THROW DOWN YOUR ARMS, AND DISPERSE.





# JERRY DRUMMER

THE OUTNUMBERED MINUTE MEN FELL BACK... BUT FROM EVERY BUSH, EVERY ROCK, AN ANSWERING FIRE MET THE TRAINED REGULARS...

THE REBELS FIGHT FROM COVER, SIR! SHALL WE RETREAT?

COLONEL SMITH ORDERED US TO PROCEED TO CONCORD! WE WILL GO ON!



DON'T WEEP, LAD! THIS IS BUT THE BEGINNING!

I KNOW, SIR! BUT MANY BRAVE MEN LIKE YOURSELF WILL BE HURT!



STAY, LAD! THERE WILL BE MORE FIGHTING! HELP ME TEND THIS MAN!

MY PLACE IS WITH THE OTHERS!



AT CONCORD, THE BRITISH, NOW COMMANDED BY COLONEL SMITH, MET THE MINUTE MEN ONCE MORE! THEY WERE LEARNING A BITTER LESSON...

CHARGE THEM! DISPERSE THE RABBLE!

AYE, RABBLE THEY SEEM BUT THEY SHOOT... UNGH!



GIVE US A FAST ROLL, JERRY! WE'RE DRIVING THEM BACK!

OUR MINUTE MEN ARE BEATING THEM!



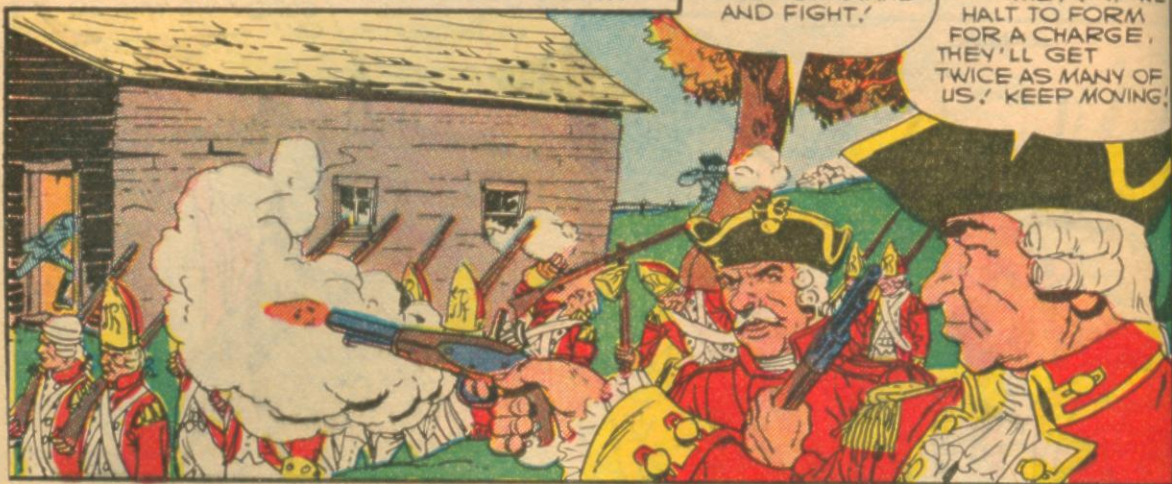


# JERRY DRUMMER

THE BRITISH ARMY HAD NEVER FOUGHT THIS KIND OF AN ENEMY BEFORE. THEY HAD NO TARGETS-- ONLY ACCURATE SHIPING FROM EVERY SIDE...

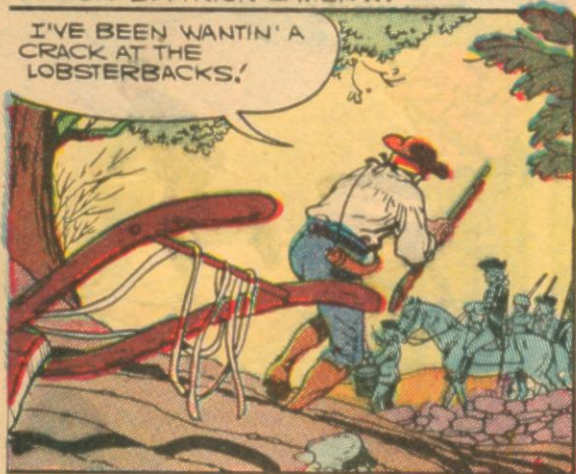
THEY'RE EVERYWHERE, COLONEL! THEY WILL NOT STAND AND FIGHT!

WHY SHOULD THEY? IF WE HALT TO FORM FOR A CHARGE, THEY'LL GET TWICE AS MANY OF US! KEEP MOVING!



AND ON ANOTHER ROAD LEADING TO BOSTON NEARBY, MARCHED JERRY DRUMMER AND MAJOR BUTTRICK'S MEN...

I'VE BEEN WANTIN' A CRACK AT THE LOBSTERBACKS!



THAT DRUM IS WORTH TWENTY RIFLES TO US, JERRY! WE'LL MISS YE WHEN YE HAVE TO GO HOME!

I HAVE NO HOME, SIR-- AN I'M NOT WORKIN' FOR CALEB STARK ANY MORE!



THE LOBSTERBACKS ARE WAITING FOR US!

DON'T RUN, DRUMMER, TAKE TO THE WOODS!



SEARCH THE WOODS, MEN! ROUT THEM OUT! TEACH THE LOUTS A LESSON!

SOMEONE'S GOING TO BE TAUGHT SOMETHING! IT WON'T BE US!

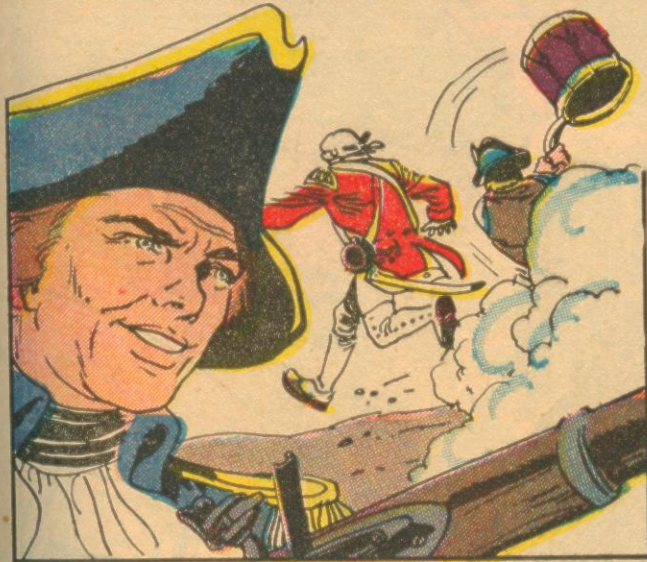
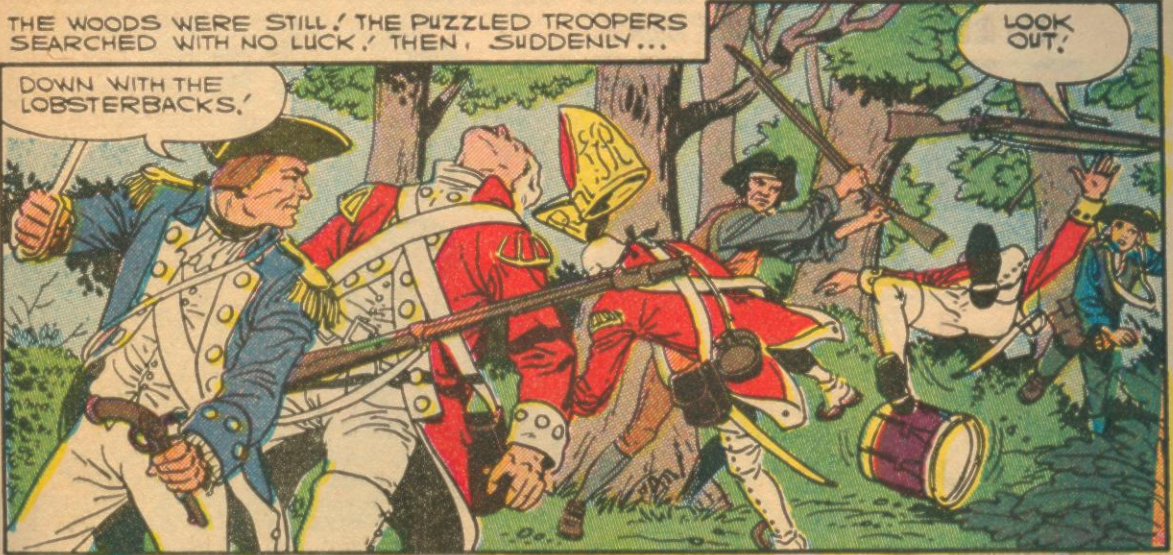




# JERRY DRUMMER

THE WOODS WERE STILL, THE PUZZLED TROOPERS SEARCHED WITH NO LUCK, THEN, SUDDENLY...

DOWN WITH THE LOBSTERBACKS!



GOOD BOY, LAD! YOU'RE ONE OF US NOW, WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

JERRY DRUMMER, SIR! DO YOU MEAN IT? YOU WON'T MAKE ME GO BACK TO THAT TORY?



THE WORD SPREAD FAST THROUGH THE COLONIES, MILITIA FROM ALL OVER NEW ENGLAND CONVERGED ON BOSTON, AT THEIR HEAD, PROUDLY BEATING HIS HOME-MADE DRUM, MARCHED JERRY, THE DRUMMER BOY...



BAH! HOW CAN AN ARMY WITH BOYS LEADING IT FACE MY TROOPS?

THAT BOY LOOKS BRAVE, GENERAL! PERHAPS SUCH BOYS WILL DRIVE YOUR PAID MERCENARIES AWAY AND LEAVE US IN FREEDOM!



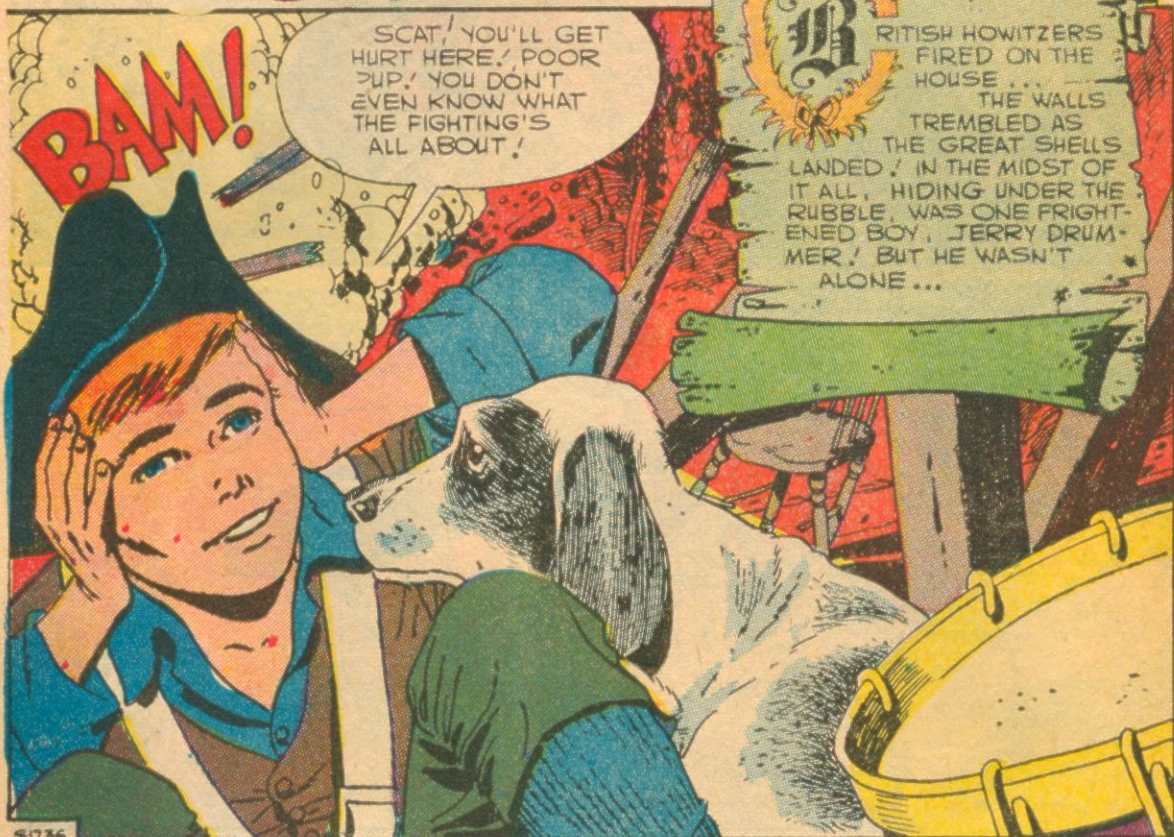
AND THE BRITISH, STILL SMUG, THE MIGHTIEST SEA POWER ON EARTH, REFUSED TO TAKE THE REBELS SERIOUSLY...

- END -

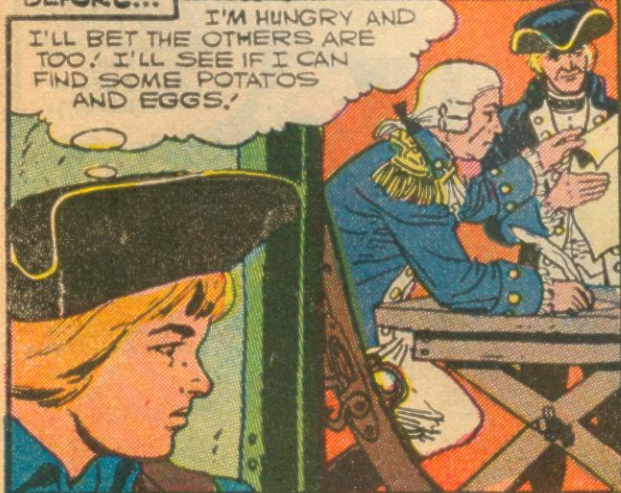


BOY HERO OF JERRY DRUMMER  
THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR

# JERRY "Finds Liberty" DRUMMER



THAT FARMHOUSE HAD BEEN HEADQUARTERS FOR THE COLONIAL TROOPS ONLY A FEW HOURS BEFORE...

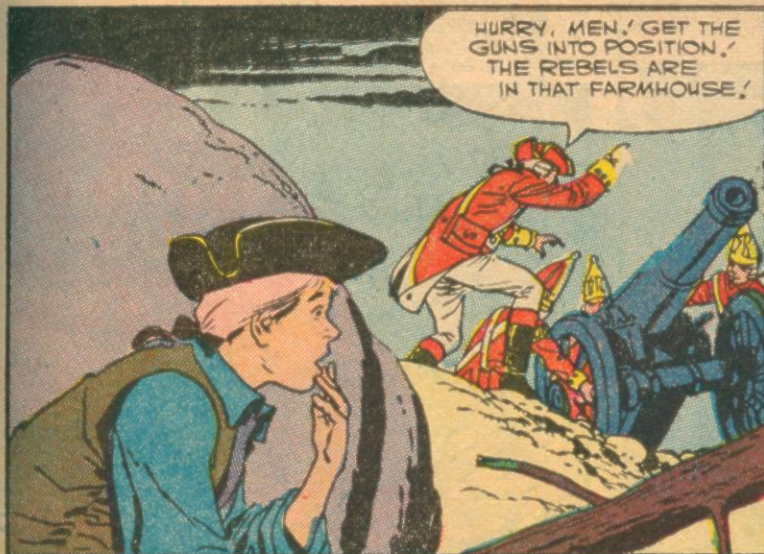


I DIDN'T KNOW THE BRITISH WERE SO CLOSE! I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE GOING TO DO...





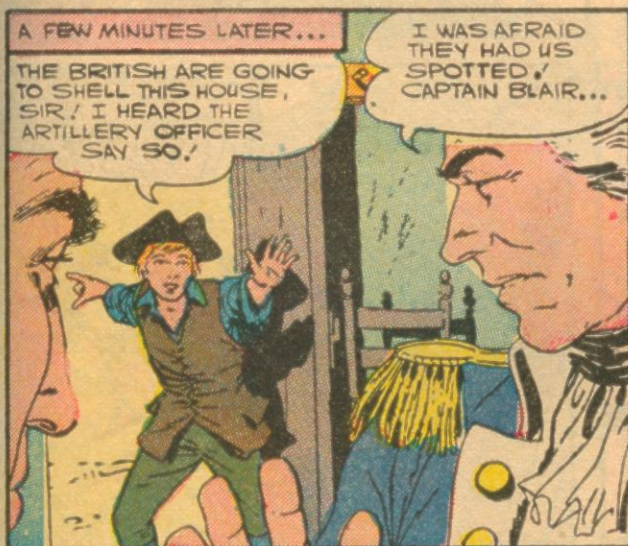
# JERRY DRUMMER



HURRY, MEN! GET THE GUNS INTO POSITION! THE REBELS ARE IN THAT FARMHOUSE!



I'VE GOT TO WARN THE MAJOR!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

THE BRITISH ARE GOING TO SHELL THIS HOUSE, SIR! I HEARD THE ARTILLERY OFFICER SAY SO!

I WAS AFRAID THEY HAD US SPOTTED! CAPTAIN BLAIR...



...GET EVERYONE OUT OF HERE IMMEDIATELY! JERRY SAID THE BRITISH ARE GOING TO SHELL US! COME ON, JERRY!

BUT, SIR-- I WANT TO GET MY...



YOU WARNED US JUST IN TIME, JERRY!

MY DRUM IS IN THE HOUSE, SIR! I'VE GOT TO GET IT!

BOOM





# JERRY DRUMMER

THEN THE BRITISH HAD THE RANGE! SHELLS  
FELL RIGHT ON THE TARGET...

THEY'LL STOP  
SOON! BUT THEN  
BRITISH TROOPS  
WILL COME HERE!

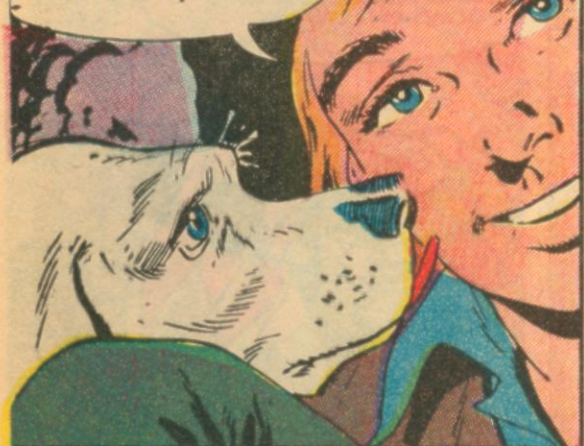


AT THE HEIGHT OF THE SHELLING, HE HEARD A  
WHIMPER... AND THEN HE SAW THE FRIGHT-  
ED YOUNG DOG...

YOU POOR FELLOW!  
STAY UNDER HERE  
WITH ME! WE'LL BE  
ALL RIGHT!



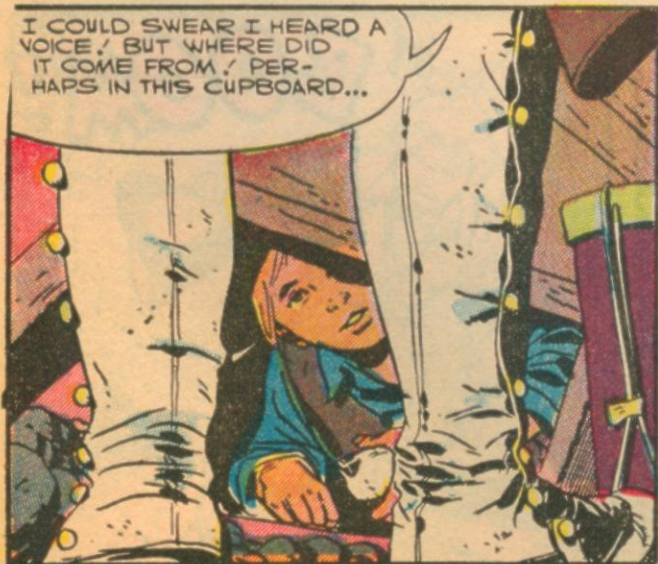
SEE? THOSE SHELLS  
MAKE A LOT OF NOISE  
BUT THEY DON'T  
HURT US!



NO ONE COULD LIVE  
THROUGH THAT BAR-  
RAGE! BUT WE'D  
BETTER LOOK!



I COULD SWEAR I HEARD A  
VOICE! BUT WHERE DID  
IT COME FROM? PER-  
HAPS IN THIS CUPBOARD...



SOMETHING'S  
HERE! IT'S  
A DOG!

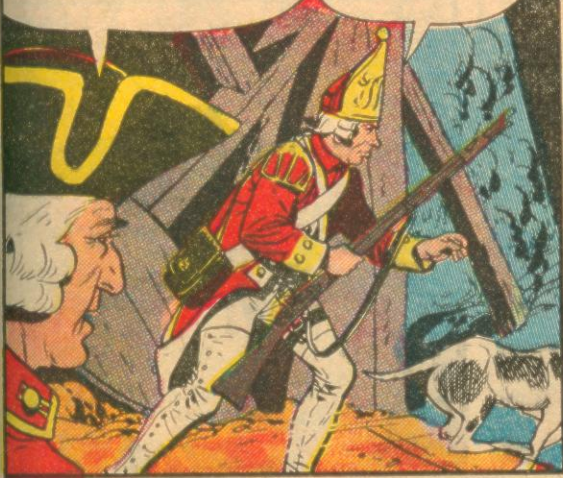




# JERRY DRUMMER

EVEN THE DOGS IN THIS COUNTRY ARE AGAINST US! CATCH HIM!

HOW, SIR? HE MIGHT BITE!



THEY WERE AFTER THE DOG--AND JERRY GRABBED HIS CHANCE! HE WAS OUT THE BACK DOOR AND AWAY BEFORE THEY COULD STOP HIM...

HALT! IN THE NAME OF THE KING, HALT, OR I'LL FIRE!



THANKS TO THAT DOG, I GOT AWAY! NOW TO FIND THE OTHERS!

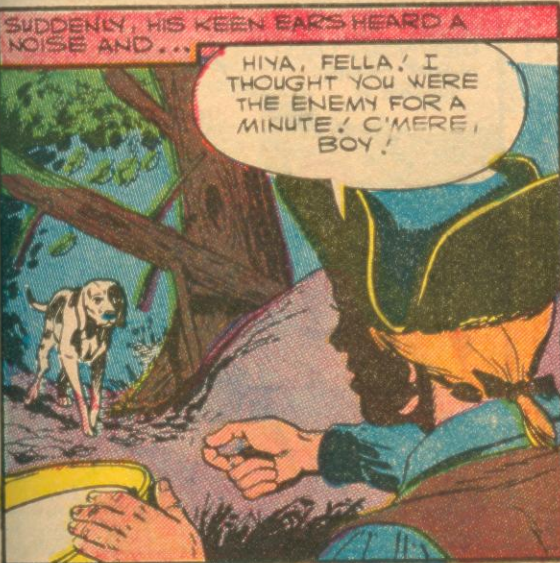


I CAN'T FIND THEM! I WON'T BE COLD BUT IT'S SURE LONESOME!



SUDDENLY, HIS KEEN EARS HEARD A NOISE AND...

HIYA, FELLA! I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE ENEMY FOR A MINUTE! C'MERE, BOY!



IT WAS A JOYOUS RE-UNION--THEN, THE DOG BEGAN ACTING STRANGELY...

HERE'S A REBEL'S NEST, SIR! THEY WON'T GET AWAY THIS TIME!





# JERRY DRUMMER



PLEASE BE QUIET, PUP! I'VE GOT TO HEAR WHAT THEY'RE SAYING.

SEARCH THE WOODS! THE COLONEL WANTS ALL STRAY REBELS ROUNDED UP BEFORE WE ATTACK THE MILL!

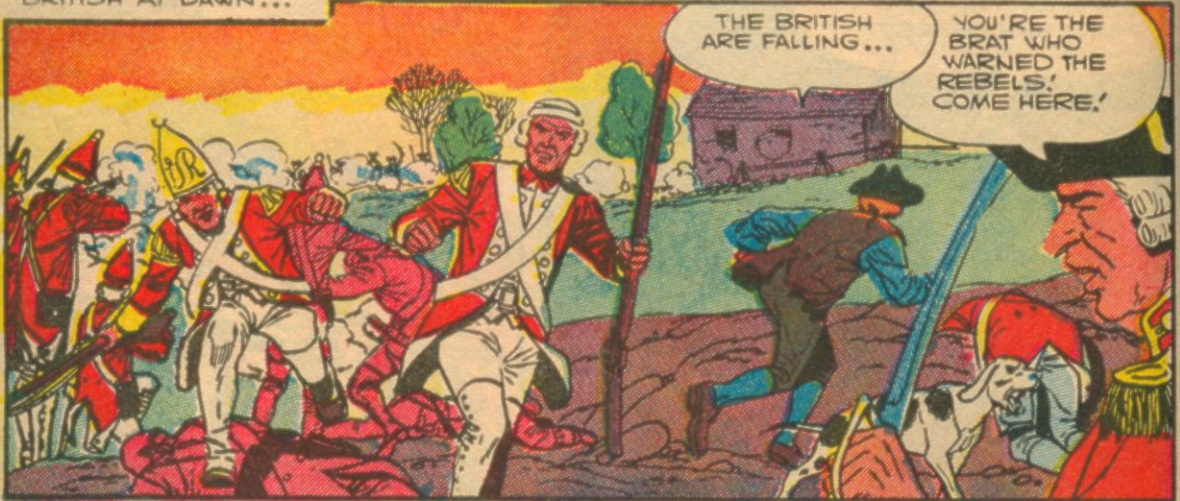
THAT WAS ALL THE YOUNG DRUMMER HAD TO HEAR. HE LET THE DOG LEAD HIM OUT OF THE HILLS...

WHO GOES... IT'S YOU, JERRY! THE MAJOR IS WORRIED ABOUT YOU! HE'S IN THE MILL HOUSE!

I HAVE NEWS FOR HIM! THANK YOU, SIR!



WITH THE INFORMATION JERRY HAD BROUGHT, THE MINUTE MEN WERE WAITING FOR THE BRITISH AT DAWN...



THE BRITISH ARE FALLING...

YOU'RE THE BRAT WHO WARNED THE REBELS! COME HERE!



WE LICKED THEM, JERRY! THANKS TO YOU!

MORE THANKS TO MY DOG, SIR! HE DOESN'T LIKE THE BRITISH SOLDIERS EITHER! ONE TRIED TO GRAB ME AND HE MADE HIM RUN!



IS THAT SO! HE'S SMART AND BRAVE LIKE YOU, LAD! WHAT'S HIS NAME?

I'M GOING TO CALL HIM **LIBERTY**, SIR! 'CAUSE HE FIGHTS SO HARD FOR IT! YOU LIKE THE NAME, DON'T YOU, LIBERTY?

END



JERRY DRUMMER

# JERRY

## DRUMMER

# HELPS A BRITISH SPY



THE SPIES SAY THEY CAN'T LOCATE THE REBEL'S SUPPLIES, GENERAL TRYON. I'LL GO AND FIND THEM MYSELF.

GOOD MAN, PERCIVAL, REPORT AS SOON AS YOU HAVE THE INFORMATION.

I'LL HELP HIM OUT. I KNOW WHERE THE TORY FARMER, ABEL HUBBARD HAS A NICE SILO OF CORN.





# JERRY DRUMMER

HERE, BOY, SHOW ME WHERE THE REBELS ARE CONCEALING THEIR STORES!

EASY, BOY, HE WON'T HURT ME, YES, SIR--I'LL SHOW YOU, SIR!



FINE, FINE! WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT BEAST?

OH, LIBERTY DOESN'T LIKE MR. HUBBARD! HE'S PRETTY MEAN TO DOGS AND KIDS! HE'S A TRAITOR TO HIS COUNTRY TOO!



ARE YOU SURE WE'LL BE SAFE CAMPING HERE? ARE THERE BEARS OR REBELS IN THESE WOODS?

NO, SIR! WE'LL BE SAFE! YOU'LL LOOK AFTER LIBERTY AND ME, SIR!



THE BRITISH OFFICER, NEW TO THE AMERICAN FOREST, DIDN'T SLEEP A WINK! JERRY WAS ENJOYING HIMSELF...



WHAT WAS THAT?

INJUNS, I RECKON! HOPE THEY DON'T ATTACK!

I MUST STOP DAWDLING! WHERE ARE THE REBELS AND THEIR STORES? TELL ME OR I'LL SHAKE IT OUT OF YOU! YOU DON'T FOOL ME!



THEN, SIGHTING ROWS OF SHOCKED CORN STALKS AHEAD, JERRY HAD AN IDEA...

THERE'S THE REBELS, SIR! WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!

THERE'S HUNDREDS OF THEM! ANY MORE LIKE THAT?

YES, SIR, THERE'S TWO MORE FIELDS FULL OF THEM DOWN THE ROAD!





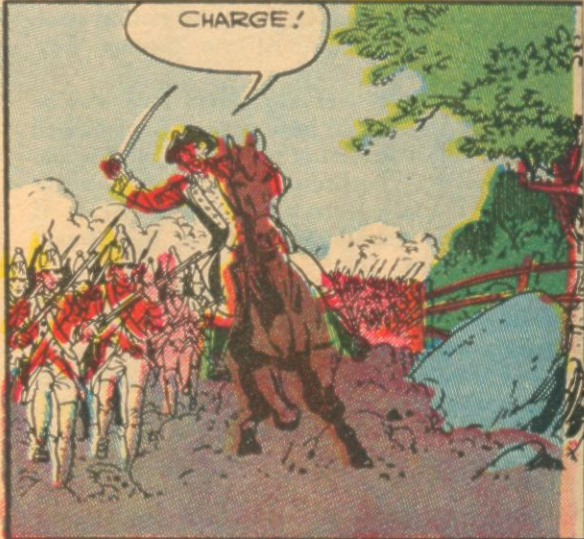
# JERRY DRUMMER

JERRY LED THE EXCITED, STUMBLING OFFICER BACK TO GENERAL TRYON. THE GENERAL ORGANIZED HIS MEN FOR AN IMMEDIATE ATTACK...

THE BRITISH IDEA OF A STEALTHY MARCH WAS FUNNY TO THE YOUNG PATRIOT...



THE BRITISH TROOPS TOOK POSITIONS UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS. AT THE FIRST SIGN OF DAWN, THE HEAVY GUNS OPENED UP...

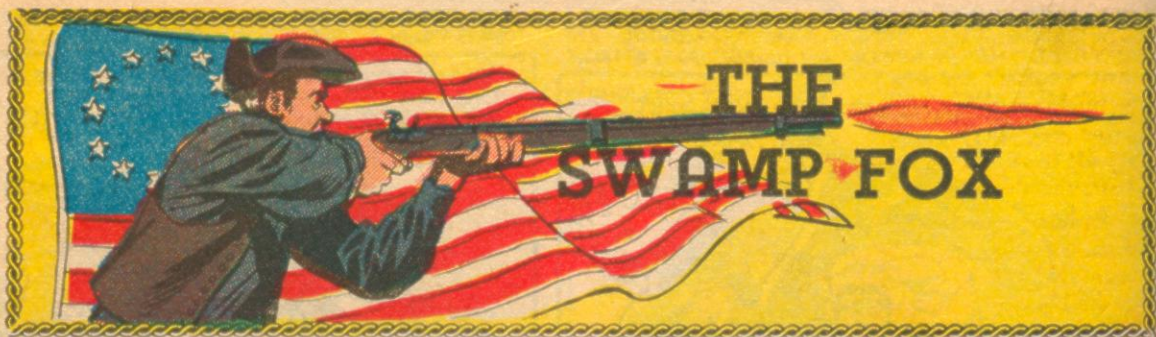


I'LL CASHIER YOU FOR THIS, PERCIVAL! YOU'VE MADE A LAUGHINGSTOCK OF ME! WE SHELLED AND ATTACKED NOTHING BUT A FIELD OF CORN!

IT'S THAT BOY! HE TRICKED ME! I'LL TEACH HIM NOT TO TOY WITH US!







The forest was still except for the incessant buzzing of deer flies. Occasionally the silence was broken by a furtive slap and the hearty oath of one of the unseen Patriots hidden beside the road near Black River.

Then, in the distance, they heard the jingle of harness and the complaining creak of wagon wheels. The British supply train was getting close. Francis Marion, nicknamed the Swamp Fox, checked his men.

He had a little over a hundred men and he knew the British would have at least two hundred and fifty. It was foolhardy to attack; but it would be ruin not to. The British had located and captured the Patriot's stores of powder and ball. If Francis Marion didn't get it back, they would have to give up.

He grinned. Near him, sprawled beneath a bush, almost invisible in his stained and ragged homespun shirt and trousers, was Nicholas Clarke. He was seventeen, big, wide-shouldered, still awkward. Next to him was Bob Whiting, sharp-faced, ageless, an old Indian fighter. Both were barefooted, neither had ever drawn a dollar in pay or any kind of supplies since joining his force. But they were ready to fight, fight harder than the well paid, well fed British they would shortly attack.

Nick rested his cheek against the worn stock of his rifle and wondered if Bob noticed his slight trembling. Bob didn't look at him. He had his powder horn ready and a lead ball in each cheek, ready to reload after firing.

"Easy, Nick," Bob whispered, as the British colonel came into sight. He was riding a restless black stallion, his uniform brilliant in the dark forest. "Remember, don't run after ye fire! Reload first! Then wait and aim again! The lobsterbacks won't know where ye are!"

Nick nodded, his mouth dry. "I . . . I've never shot at a man before," he whispered. "I'll be all right after the fighting starts!"

Then the officer had ridden by. Marion's men, still unseen, were on both sides. The column had almost all passed when Francis Marion's voice rang out.

**"Fire, lads! Fire and reload!"**

Nick steadied his wavering musket on a tall, scarred Dragoon looming above him on the road. They saw each other at the same time. Nick saw the Dragoon's pistol lift, come down, then steady on him. He made himself hold his aim; his musket fired a fraction of a second before the Dragoon officer pulled the trigger!

He leaped to the road, jumping out of the way as the Dragoon tumbled from the saddle. A second lobsterback cut at him with his sword but Nick dodged him until he was in the saddle. The British cavalryman slashed at him again. This



time Nick parried it with his rifle barrel, then slammed the man in the ear and grinned as he hit the dust.

"Good lad! No sense in fightin' on foot when there's a horse about!" Bob Whiting seized the second horse's mane and swung into the saddle.



Meanwhile, the British troops were firing at Marion's men. It looked as though the Swamp Fox wouldn't be able to win. Nick quickly seized a pitch pine branch and snapped his flint onto some powder he sprinkled on the rich, resinous wood. It flared and caught. He lit another from that, then a third!

Evading the frantic slash of a British horseman, he rode past, tossing the flaming branch onto the canvas covering the powder. Then he dashed on, throwing another on the third wagon that he passed. He heard a shout but he didn't pause as he forced his horse toward the wagon at the head of the line. He threw the last branch on that and then turned into the woods.

A bearded frontiersman grabbed him, shaking him like a child. "You'll blow us all up, lad! And we needed that powder!"

Nick fought him off. "We'd never get the powder anyhow! And the British were beating us! Look — they're running away from the wagons!"

It was true. Despite the British colonel's orders, the terrified troops fled the blazing wagons. They preferred fighting the Americans in the forest to being blown up on the road.

Nick started back toward the flaming, canvas covered wagon. Shielding his face, he slashed at ropes, then hauled the flaming canvas to the ground. He beat at the smoking powder barrels with his hat, then turned away as one of the Swamp Fox's men saw his purpose and sprang to help.

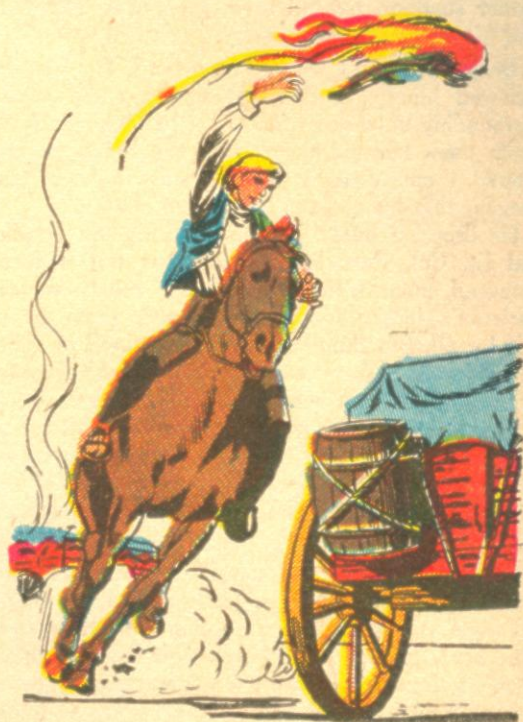
Then he rode for the next one. The road was empty except for the frightened horses hitched to the wagons. He ripped the tarpaulin from this one, not stopping this time, heading for the next one. Bob Whiting was already there, tearing at the canvas with burned hands. They got to the fourth one too late. Nick slashed at the harness and freed the horses, driving them ahead of him into the woods. He was just in time. He felt a blow between his shoulders and felt himself lifted and thrown from his horse as the fourth wagon blew up.

He was dazed as he sat up and crawled toward his rifle. A British rider came out of the brush and headed straight for him, sword raised, ready to slash. Nick thought he was through. Just as the sword started the downswing, a gaunt, hawk-nosed man leaped out and snapped a shot at the charging soldier.

Nick turned awed eyes to Francis Marion. "Thank you, sir! I thought I was a goner! I was shakin' in my boots!"

Marion laughed and squeezed Nick's shoulder gratefully. "You shake, lad? I don't believe it! You saved the day for us when you set fire to the wagon train! Our boys are having an easy time of it now! Listen!"

Nick listened. He heard the blundering of the British, the grunts as the hidden Patriots struck the single sniper's shot. All around them British horses were snorting, riderless, their riders cap



tured or shot.

Marion's swamp rangers seized the rest of the powder and distributed all that the men needed. The rest was stored in a barn near the Black River. The men ate British rations, and some even found a new issue of shoes.

Nick Clarke and Bob Whiting shared a small cooking fire. They didn't hear their visitor until he was beside them. Nick dropped the fat partridge he was roasting in his eagerness to salute. Francis Marion motioned him down.

"Cook your bird, Nick! I see you're not one of the lucky ones! Some of the men got shoes!"

"I don't need 'em, sir! I still got the lobster-back's horse! What're we goin' to capture next, general?"

Marion smiled. "Major, Nick, not general! Do? We're going to try to keep from being captured! Cornwallis sent Tarleton's cavalry after us! Lord Tarleton won't be as easy to fool as some of the other British blockheads!"

Nick smiled. "Maybe not as easy, gen'ral, but you'll fool him anyhow! The British know it! That's why they call you the Swamp Fox!"

Marion moved his men out that night. There were Tories about who would report his movements to the British generals and he wanted to



get a start. He headed away from the coast, into the swamps. His scouts brought back information of British details, British stores. His men struck without warning, capturing the soldiers, burning the stores. They had no time to stop for food or to gather supplies. Behind them there was Tarleton and his well equipped cavalry.

Deeper into the Carolinas he moved. The British followed blindly, striking at empty camp sites, surrounding untended fires while the men who had made them taunted them from the black woods around them. Francis Marion was showing his enemies that his nickname was well chosen.

He dropped back. Tarleton was on the march and Lt. Col. Patrick Ferguson was out with a thousand men, trying to pin the rebels where Tarleton's larger force could crush them once and for all. But Sumter's raiders captured or shot all dispatch bearers and Major Marion's scouts intercepted all British couriers on their side.

Ferguson knew he was surrounded by Marion's frontier fighters. But he had confidence in his own well supplied troops. At King's Mountain, on October 7, 1780, he thought he had the rebels cornered.

Nick was amazed as new faces appeared in camp each night. Farmers, fresh from their milking came in, their pouches bulging with meal and dried beef. Their powder horns were full and they acted as though they were on a vacation. These were men who had refused to travel north to fight the British. Now, with Tarleton's men deep in their home country, they were ready to fight.

One, a grizzled veteran of the French and Indian wars laughed, rumpling Nick's hair. "What do ye think of the lobsterbacks, lad?"

Nick hesitated. "We can lick 'em, mister," he answered.

"Ay, we can lick 'em as long as our powder holds out! They have plenty and they need it! Do you know," he added, a little amazement in his voice, "They have to be taught how to fire a gun? My lad is ten and he can shoot better than these Redcoats! Aye, get 'em away from the others, alone in the woods, and they bawl like a babe in the dark!"

Marion's deep voice reached them from the brush. "It's not that easy, man! They're disciplined troops! They march when they're told to march! And they stay around! They're not home diggin' a new well when they're needed most!"

The farmer flushed, then laughed. "Aye, major, but they're paid soldiers! They have money to send to their families! We must do our fightin' between plantin' and reapin', in the weeks when our farms don't need us! I'm here now and it's up to you to show me who to fight!"

Marion laughed. "They'll show themselves, neighbor! We'll see sharp skirmishing tomorrow! We'll harry Ferguson's column a little! He's

growing bold!"

Nick was up before dawn with the others. He and fifty more were on a bluff looking down at nearly a thousand men camped near a stream in a clearing. Marion laughed as the British bugles announced dawn.

"They need trumpets to tell when it's daylight! Let 'em start breakfast before we open the ball, boys!"

Nick primed his gun, and picked a target. It was a wagon with a stubby barrel set on the tailgate. He'd seen half a dozen troopers go to it and fill his powder horn already. He guessed there'd be more barrels like it inside.

He turned and watched Marion. The latter stood on a stump and peered. Suddenly he clapped his hands. A second later he yelled. "Fire! And don't miss!"

Nick was already squeezing gently at the order. A second later his ball was on its way and he was cleaning the barrel, preparing to reload. But his eye was on the barrel, still sitting there. It seemed an eternity before he saw a mark where his ball hit, then it was gone in a blinding, deep red flame. That was followed by the dull, thunderous clump of more explosions. The wagon was gone,



spread over the camp in flaming embers.

The British panicked. Men ran in every direction. Marion directed the fire as his sharpshooters checked every organized move the British made. Then, despite their fire, a British column was



mounted, headed up the hill.

"That's enough, Nick," Marion growled as Nick fired again. "Come on! There'll be another day for this! The lobsterbacks will overrun us in a minute!"

Nick found his horse and mounted. Marion's men left unhurriedly. British soldiers, mounted and on foot, didn't get close. Those who did were driven back or shot. And Nick was exultant. Then, disaster. His horse threw a shoe. Bob Whiting pulled up beside him, concerned.

"Climb up with me, Nick!"

Nick shook his head. "No, I've got nails and another shoe! I'll get it on him in a jiffy!" He was already cleaning away the dirt to reshoe the horse. Bob grunted and rode on. Nick didn't hear the Tory who slipped up behind him a moment later. He was a prisoner of the lobsterbacks.

He was marched back to Ferguson's camp. The British stared at the gaunt, barefooted boy with the man's rifle. Was he the kind they'd been fighting?

In Colonel Ferguson's tent the reaction was the same.

"Are the others like you, boy? Soldiers. I mean?"

Nick blinked. A soldier? "I'm not a soldier, sir!"

Ferguson laughed. "Of course you are! You're fighting in a war and doing a good job of it too! Of course you're a soldier!"

Nick blinked and looked down at his bare feet and ragged pants. His eyes traveled to the polished uniforms of his captors. "No, sir, I'm no soldier! I'm practicin' to be one!"

Ferguson turned red and looked as though he wanted to shake the young rebel. Another officer repeated it and soon the whole camp was laughing, a bitter laugh. The men who had just wounded half their number were just practicing.

Nick was led away. He was shut up in a crude stockade with two wounded farmers. One winked at Nick and signaled for him to sit beside him.

"Down here, lad, and bide your time! When I give the signal, be ready to run for it!"

Nick looked at him blankly. "I told the Swamp Fox something. This stream they're camped by leads to a dam up a ways. Marion's going to blow it up. It's owned by a Tory anyways! It should happen soon!"

Just then they felt, rather than heard, a

muffled boom. The guard at the gate looked around at them as if they could explain it. Then they heard the muffled roar of water.

"Be ready, lad! Take to the woods. I'll help the other fellow!"

The wall of water burst from its narrow banks and spread quickly over the field. While British troops frantically tried to save equipment, the farmer dropped the sentry with one blow. Nick dove for a wagon nearby, rummaged a moment, then ran for his life.

He stopped once in the woods, then pushed on. That night, at the fire, he ate the partridge Bob had shot and saved for him, sure he'd come back.



"What kept you, Nick? The other feller was back a while ago!"

Nick grinned painfully and pointed at his feet. Big yellow boots covered his feet. "The boots hurt! I had blisters and they slowed me down some! I'd throw 'em away but it gets a mite cold when winter gets here!"

The End

STATEMENT SUBMITTED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 16, 1914, AS AMENDED BY THE ACT OF MARCH 2, 1945, AND REVISED BY THE ACT OF OCTOBER 3, 1945, SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF

SOLDIER AND MARION COMICS

Published Bi-monthly at Derby, Conn., for September 30, 1945.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher — Edward Levy, Woodbridge, Conn.  
Editor and Managing Editor — Byron J. Levy, Orange, Conn.  
Business Manager — John Steinhardt, Derby, Conn.

2. The printer is (1) owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereafter the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.

Charles F. Levy, Inc., Charles F. Levy, Derby, Conn.

Edward Levy, Woodbridge, Conn.

John Steinhardt, Derby, Conn.

3. The names, occupations, residences, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (1) None.

4. Paragraphs 5 and 6 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom he is acting (also the statements in the two paragraphs show the effect of the full ownership and control in the hands of the person or corporation).

5. The names, occupations, residences, and other security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, bond holders and mortgagees in a security relation shall be given in a separate list.

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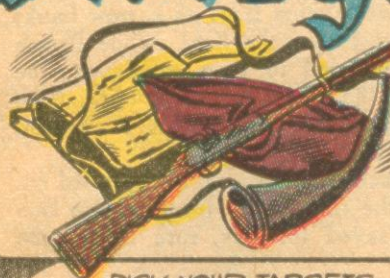
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JERRY DRUMMER

# Morgan's **RIFLES**



THE MERCENARIES POURING INTO AMERICA FROM GERMANY AND ENGLAND FOUND GREEN TROOPS OPPOSED TO THEM WHEN THEY ARRIVED! THE MEN HAD NO IDEA HOW TO MARCH OR DRILL... BUT MOST OF THEM GREW UP WITH A RIFLE, MEN LIKE DANIEL MORGAN'S PICKED FRONTIER RIFLEMEN! AFTER GENERAL BURGOYNE'S DEFEAT AND CAPTURE AT SARATOGA, HE SAID, "MY DEAR SIR, YOU COMMAND THE FINEST REGIMENT IN THE WORLD!"



PICK YOUR TARGETS, MEN!  
IF THEY GET BY US, THEY'LL GO  
CLEAR DOWN THE HUDSON TO  
NEW YORK! WE MUST WIN  
HERE AT SARATOGA!

MORGAN'S MEN WON'T  
RUN! WE OUTNUMBER  
THEM AND STILL  
THEY FIGHT!

HEY, SI--  
THIS IS  
MORE FUN  
THAN A  
TURKEY  
SHOOT!



# JERRY DRUMMER

GENERAL WASHINGTON NEEDED TIME TO TRAIN HIS GREEN TROOPS-- AND TO GET IT, HE NEEDED AN EFFECTIVE, MOBILE GROUP HE COULD RELY ON...

THESE MEN NEED MONTHS TO GET READY AND THE BRITISH WON'T WAIT THAT LONG! SEND FOR DAN MORGAN!



HERE I AM, GENERAL! WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS?

DAN, YOU'RE A CRACK SHOT AND A FINE WOODSMAN! I NEED A REGIMENT OF MEN LIKE YOU! WILL YOU RECRUIT THEM?



IF I GET 'EM, SIR, YOU'D BETTER GET US PLENTY OF ACTION! MEN LIKE ME DON'T LIKE TO SIT AROUND!

YOU GET THE MEN, DAN, I'LL SUPPLY THE ACTION!



MORGAN STARTED RECRUITING IMMEDIATELY! HE FOUND HIS MEN ON THE FRONTIER, FIGHTING THEIR OWN WARS AGAINST THE BRITISH AND THE INDIANS...

HI, DAN! SHOULD'VE COME YESTERDAY! I FOUND SIX LOBSTERBACKS ALL ALONE NEAR BY! EASY PICKIN'S!

I'VE GOT A LOT MORE THAN SIX WAITING, SI! WANT TO JOIN UP?



ME BE A SOLDIER? SHUCKS, I C'N FIND MY OWN FIGHTIN'!

NOT LIKE THIS! EVERYBODY'LL BE LIKE YOU AND I! COME ON!



THE RIFLEMEN DRIFTED IN! A TRAINED OFFICER LAUGHED WHEN HE SAW THEM...

REALLY, MORGAN, YOUR REGIMENT IS PATHETIC! THEY CAN'T EVEN MARCH!

NO, BUT THEY COVER A GREAT DEAL O' GROUND WALKING--AN' THEY C'N SHOOT!





# JERRY DRUMMER

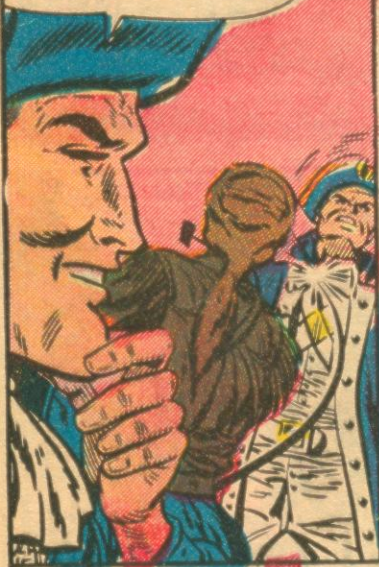
MORGAN'S MEN DIDN'T NEED TRAINING. THEY SELECTED THEIR OWN CAPTAINS AND WERE READY TO FIGHT..



DAN, I WISH YOUR MEN WERE READY AND HAD ENOUGH SUPPLIES! GATES IS IN TROUBLE UP NEAR ALBANY.

THEY'RE READY NOW. WE'LL GO!

IF WE DON'T GET A FIGHT SOON, MY BOYS'LL QUIT ME AND GO LOOKIN' FOR ONE.



MORGAN'S MEN HAD NO SUPPLIES, BUT THE COOK-FIRES AT NIGHT ALWAYS HAD PLENTY OF GAME ROASTING...

THE LOBSTER-BACKS STICK OUT THEIR CHESTS AN' TRY TO WALK RIGHT OVER YOU. HOPE WE HAVE ENOUGH POWDER!



BURGOYNE HAD MORE THAN SIX THOUSAND MEN MASSED NORTH OF ALBANY. GENERAL GATES HAD ONLY A FRACTION OF THAT NUMBER.

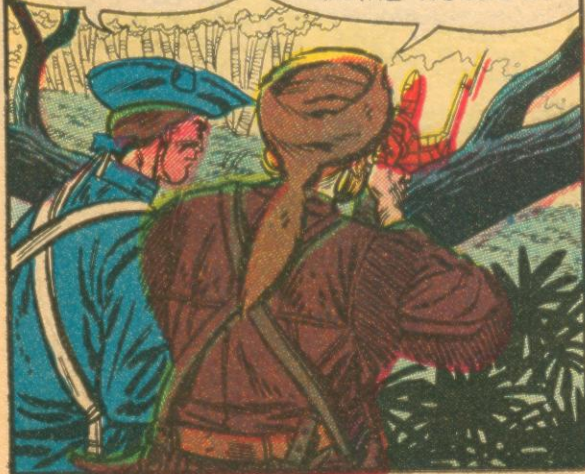
WE'LL SWEEP THE HUDSON RIVER VALLEY CLEAR TO NEW YORK, GENERAL BURGOYNE!

TRUE! WE MARCH ON GATES IN THE MORNING!



WHAT'S WRONG? HE'S AN EASY TARGET.

TOO EASY, SIR! THESE LOBSTER-BACKS ARE CHUMPS IN THE WOODS...



...THAT PORE FELLER'LL BE BETTER OFF IN THE HOSPITAL! HE'S TOO CARELESS!





# JERRY DRUMMER

GENERAL GATES COMMANDED THE AMERICAN TROOPS, BUT FOR MEN LIKE COLONEL MORGAN, HE WOULD HAVE LOST EVERY-THING...

THE BRITISH ARE CLOSING IN, DAN! HAS GATES MADE UP HIS MIND YET?

NO! HE SAID I COULD DO AS I PLEASED WHEN I ASKED FOR ORDERS! I WILL AND I'M GOING TO FIGHT!

LOAD AND FIRE WHEN READY, BOYS! WE'LL SHOW THE LOBSTER-BACKS FIGHTIN' FRONTIER STYLE!



DROP IT, MISTER! YOU AND THE OTHERS HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE!

THEY TOLD US YOU WERE UNTRAINED RABBLE! YOUR MEN ARE THE FINEST SHOTS I'VE EVER SEEN!



GENERAL BURGOWNE'S MEN WERE SPLIT INTO THREE COLUMNS, DAN MORGAN MET THE BRITISH UNDER GENERAL FRASER...

HERE THEY COME, BOYS! THOUSANDS OF THEM! YOU'LL GET PLENTY OF FIGHTIN' NOW!



SOUND RECALL! MORGAN'S MEN HAVE US LICKED!





# JERRY DRUMMER



BURGOYNE WON MINOR SKIRMISHES THROUGH WEIGHT OF NUMBERS, BUT HE HAD TO DROP BACK. MORGAN'S RANGERS WERE EVERYWHERE, SNIPING, UNSEEN, BUT DEADLY...





# JERRY DRUMMER

GENERAL BURGoyNE, HIS SUPPLY LINES CUT, HAD NO CHOICE...

PREPARE A FLAG OF TRUCE! WE MUST SURRENDER!



THERE'S A CAPTAIN! WATCH ME PICK...

DON'T SHOOT, MAN! THE BRITISH ARE THROUGH!



BURGoyNE SURRENDERED FIVE THOUSAND, SEVEN HUNDRED MEN! GENERAL GATES TOOK MOST OF THE CREDIT BUT...

YOU ACCEPT YOUR DEFEAT GRACEFULLY, BURGoyNE! MY STRATEGY PREVAILED!

YOUR STRATEGY DIDN'T WIN, GENERAL! YOUR MEN'S MARKSMANSHIP DID! WHICH ONE OF YOU IS COLONEL MORGAN?



I AM, GENERAL! I COMMAND A REGIMENT OF RANGERS!

I KNOW THAT, SIR! I WAS NOT ALLOWED TO FORGET IT FOR A MOMENT!



YOU COMMAND THE FINEST REGIMENT OF RIFLEMEN IN THE WORLD! YOU AND YOUR MEN DEFEATED ME-- NOT GATES AND HIS 'STRATEGY'!

I THANK YOU, GENERAL! FOR MYSELF AND MY MEN!





JERRY DRUMMER

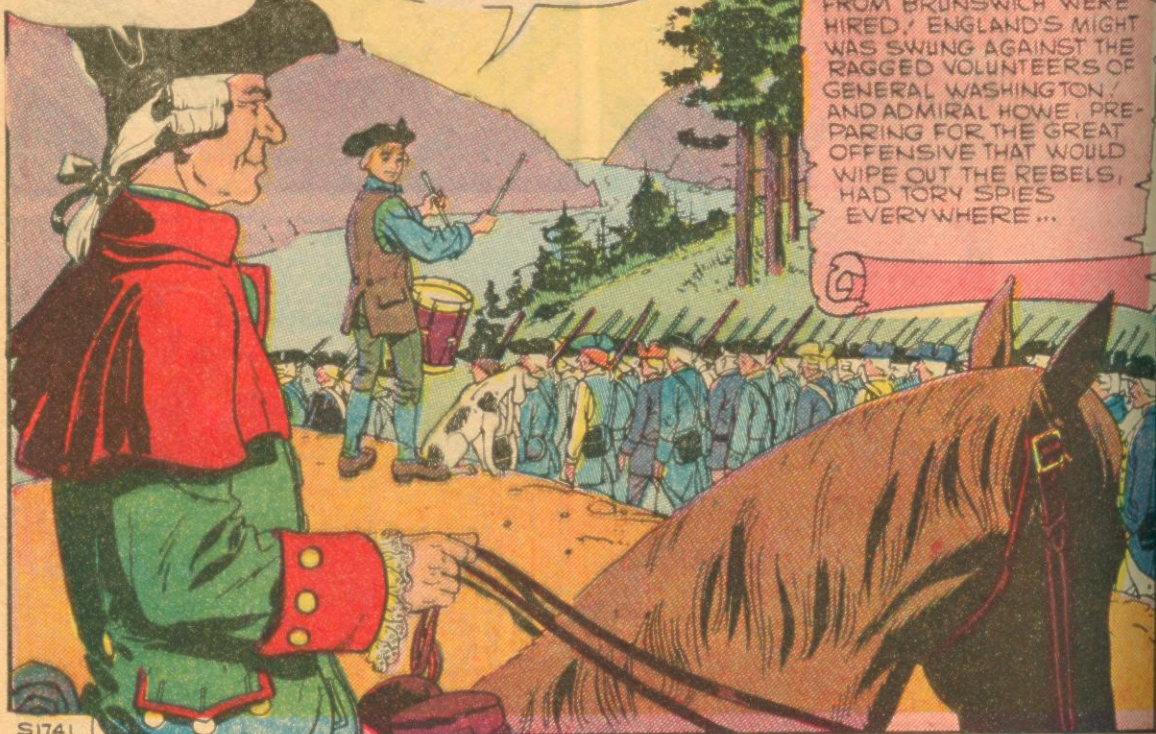
# JERRY DRUMMER

in *MAP* of **CONQUEST**

GOOD DRUMMING, LAD! ARE YOU MARCHING FAR? GOING TO BEAT THE BRITISH?

AS FAR AS OUR OFFICER TELLS US TO! AND WE'LL LICK 'EM IN TIME!

**I**N ENGLAND, THE PARLIAMENT WAS DRAFTING MORE TROOPS TO SEND AGAINST THE COLONISTS! MERCENARIES, HESSIANS AND TROOPS FROM BRUNSWICK WERE HIRED! ENGLAND'S MIGHT WAS SWUNG AGAINST THE RAGGED VOLUNTEERS OF GENERAL WASHINGTON! AND ADMIRAL HOWE, PREPARING FOR THE GREAT OFFENSIVE THAT WOULD WIPE OUT THE REBELS, HAD TORY SPIES EVERYWHERE...

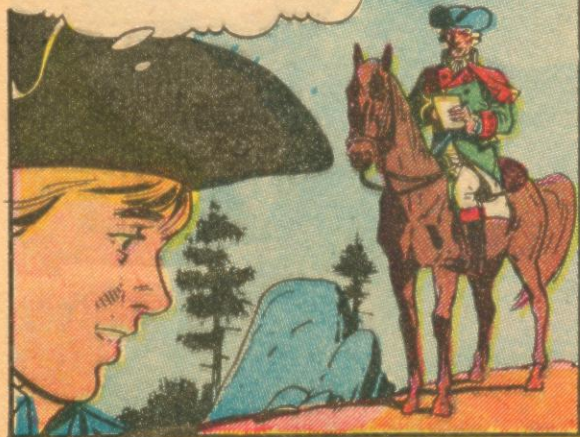


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HE'S MARKING SOMETHING IN A NOTEBOOK! LOOKS HEALTHY-- OUGHT TO BE IN UNIFORM! MAYBE HE HAS ONE-- THE WRONG KIND!

CAPTAIN, I FEEL LIKE STRETCHIN' MY LEGS! MIGHT I TAKE A WALK OVER TO THE TORY TAVERN?

YOU'RE NOSY, JERRY, AND AFTER TODAY'S MARCH, TIRED AS THE REST OF US, BUT GO AHEAD!





# JERRY DRUMMER

THE INN, KNOWN AS THE TORY TAVERN, WAS ALMOST EMPTY. JERRY FOUND HIS WAY TO THE KITCHEN...

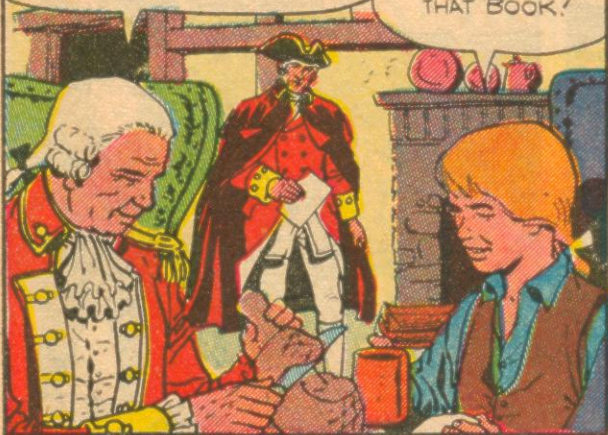




# JERRY DRUMMER

THAT'S ALL RIGHT! I'M LEAVING BY A FAST SLOOP IN A FEW MOMENTS! AS SOON AS I GET ONE MORE REPORT!

I KNEW IT! I SAW YOU MARKING DOWN ABOUT OUR COMPANY IN THAT BOOK!



I HAVE THE INFORMATION, MAJOR! DO YOU HAVE THE GOLD? WHO'S HE?

A YOUNG REBEL! I HOPE THE OLDER ONES HAVEN'T HIS SPIRIT! ALL RIGHT, MAN, GIVE ME THE INFORMATION!



THE REBELS HAVE CAMPS HERE AND HERE, SIR! AND A FORT AT WEST POINT, OF COURSE!



YOUR GENERAL KNOWS ALL ABOUT US?

WE KNOW MORE ABOUT THE AMERICAN FORCES THAN GENERAL WASHINGTON HIMSELF! OUR SPIES ARE EVERYWHERE! THIS MAP, ADDED TO OTHERS FROM THE SOUTH AND NEW ENGLAND, WILL ENABLE ADMIRAL LORD HOWE TO END THIS REBELLION!



QUICK, MAJOR, GO TO YOUR BOAT! REBELS ARE GATHERED OUT FRONT!



HE'S GOT A MAP! HELP! CAPTAIN SANDERS!

BLAST IT, BOY, I'LL TAKE YOU WITH ME IF YOU DON'T LET GO!





# JERRY DRUMMER



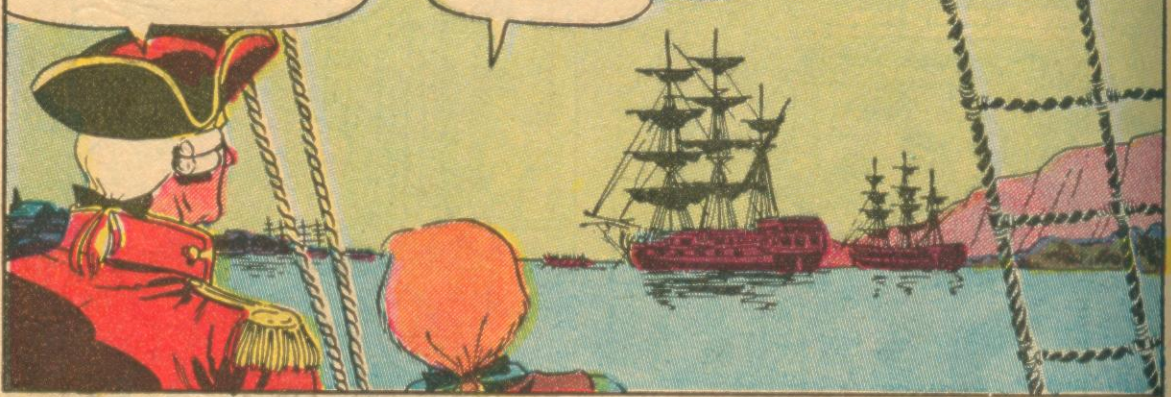


# JERRY DRUMMER

REINFORCEMENTS WERE ARRIVING IN NEW YORK BY SHIPLOADS! TO JERRY, USED TO SEEING AMERICAN FORCES IN GROUPS OF TEN AND TWENTY, IT WAS STAGGERING ...

SEE, JERRY? TWENTY THOUSAND TROOPS JUST ARRIVED! WHAT CHANCE HAS GENERAL WASHINGTON GOT NOW?

EVEN BETTER! THAT JUST GIVES OUR BOYS MORE TARGETS TO SHOOT AT!



ADMIRAL LORD HOWE IS WAITING, MAJOR! WHO'S THE LAD?

A YOUNG REBEL DRUMMER BOY! ADMIRAL HOWE MIGHT ENJOY SEEING HIM!



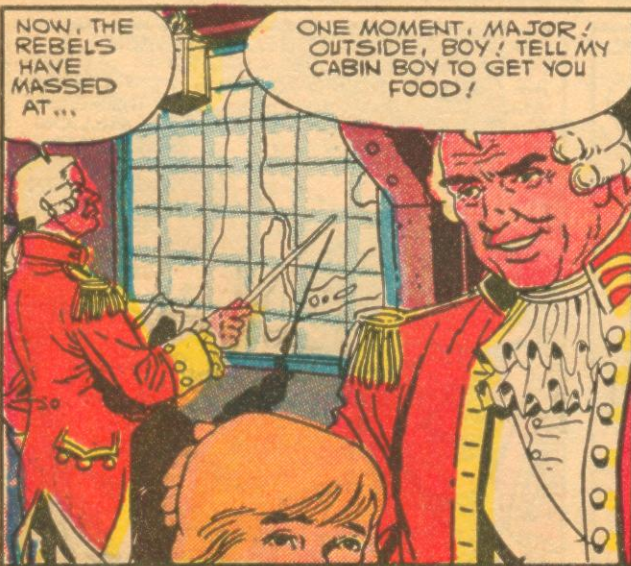
IT'S NO USE, SIR! WE'RE GOING TO CHASE YOU OUT OF AMERICA!

I HOPE THE OTHERS DON'T SHARE HIS CONFIDENCE! LET ME SEE YOUR MAP, MAJOR CLELLAND! WE'LL ADD IT TO THE OTHER REPORTS!



NOW, THE REBELS HAVE MASSED AT...

ONE MOMENT, MAJOR! OUTSIDE, BOY! TELL MY CABIN BOY TO GET YOU FOOD!



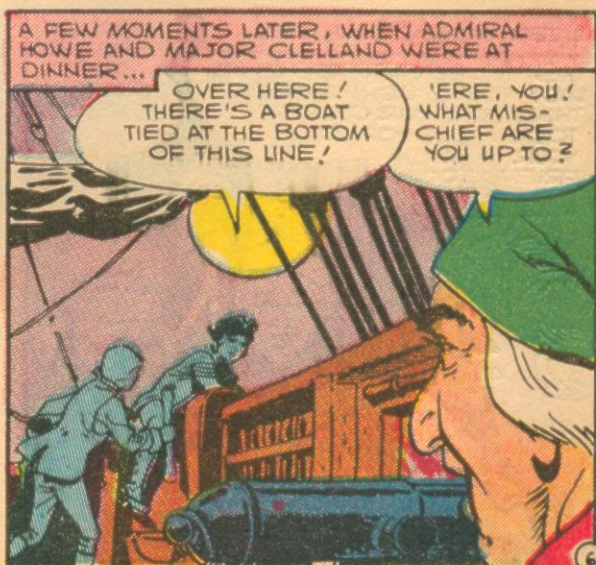
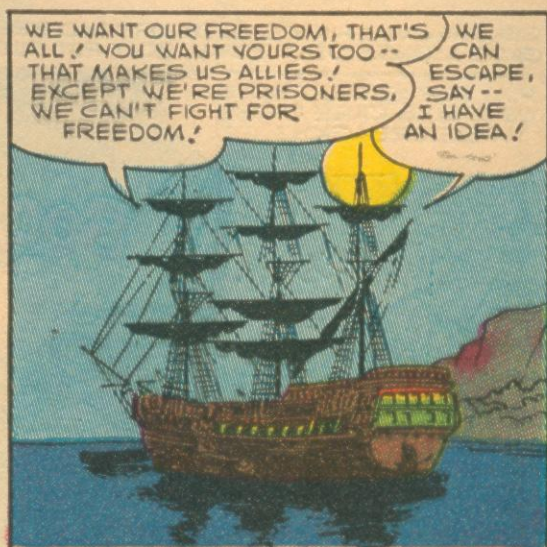
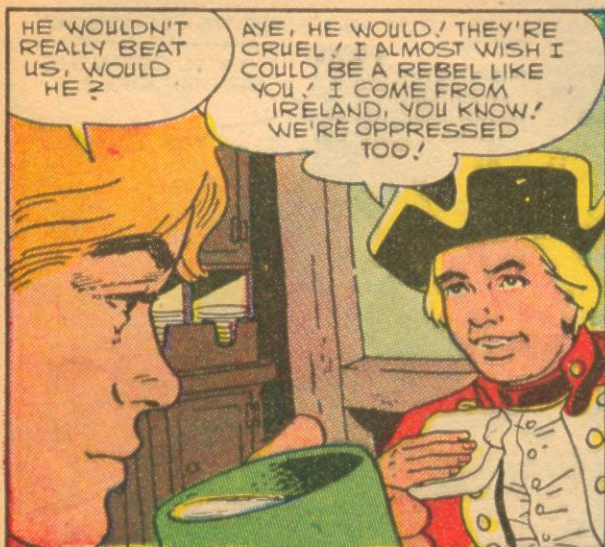
DON'T COME TOO CLOSE! YOU REBELS NEVER WASH!

WE'RE CLEANER THAN YOU LIME-EATERS!



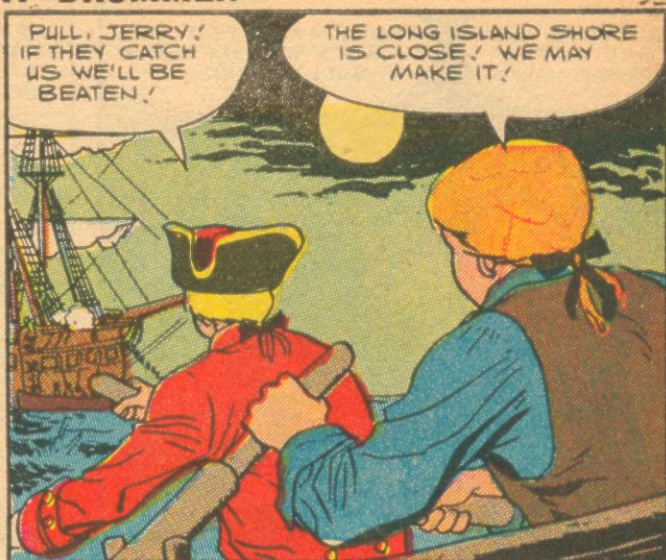


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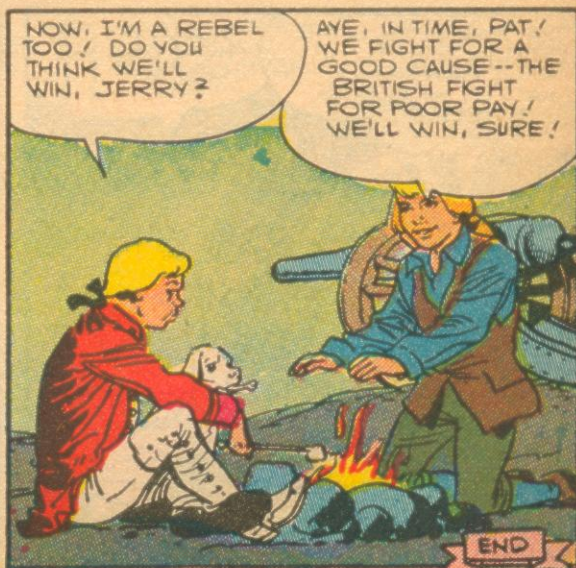




# JERRY DRUMMER



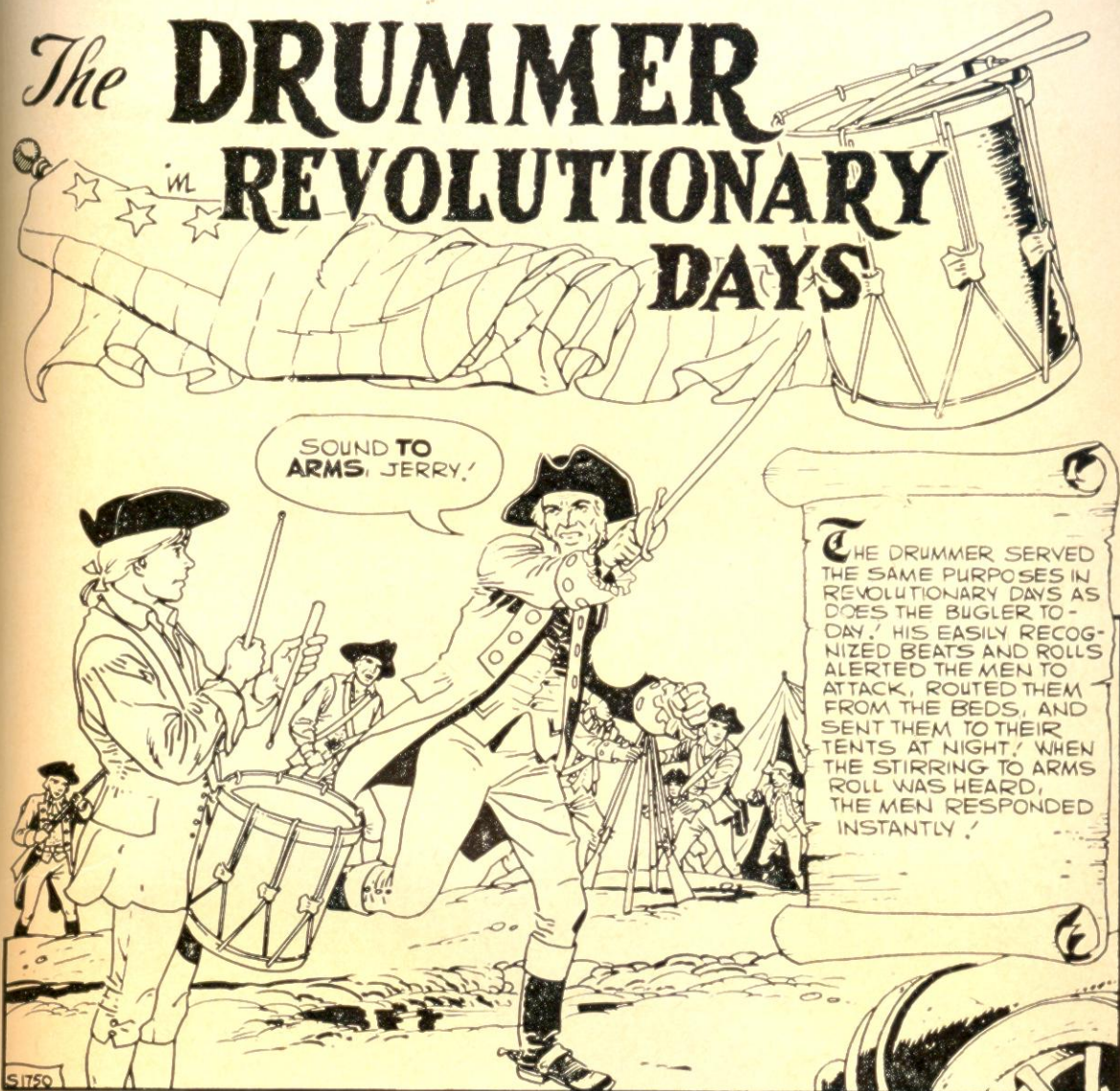
GENERAL WASHINGTON'S TROOPS HAD BEEN WATCHING! JUST AS THE BRITISH LONGBOAT CAME ALONGSIDE, A SMALL BOAT PUT OUT FROM SHORE...



END



# The **DRUMMER** *in* **REVOLUTIONARY DAYS**



THE DRUMMER SERVED THE SAME PURPOSES IN REVOLUTIONARY DAYS AS DOES THE BUGLER TO-DAY. HIS EASILY RECOGNIZED BEATS AND ROLLS ALERTED THE MEN TO ATTACK, ROUTED THEM FROM THE BEDS, AND SENT THEM TO THEIR TENTS AT NIGHT. WHEN THE STIRRING TO ARMS ROLL WAS HEARD, THE MEN RESPONDED INSTANTLY.

THERE WAS A DRUM ROLL FOR EVERY NEED-- HERE THE DRUMMER BEATS THE PARLEY AND ACCOMPANIES HIS OFFICER AS HE ACCEPTS TERMS FROM A SURRENDERING BRITISH FORCE...

AND THE ASSEMBLY-- REPAIR TO THE COLORS-- SOMETIMES BROUGHT ORDER FROM CHAOS IN A MOMENT WHEN THE BATTLE WENT AGAINST OUR MEN...

WE'RE NOT LICKED YET! TO THE FLAG, MEN! STAND FAST.



END



# SPIRIT *of* '76

